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"God so loved the world."—DRAWN BY C. METTAIS.

THE ALDINE.

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THE SIAMESE CHRISTMAS.

THE most notable day of the year in Siam, is the one which is held sacred to the birth, inspiration and death of Sakya Muni, the Buddha. This is their Christmas Day. But it varies according to their new moons, and falls sometimes on the 1st, 3d, or 7th of May.

It was on this day, however, 2,373 years ago, that the beautiful Queen Maia is supposed to have given birth to a son, who, because of his beauty at the moment of birth, was called Sakya Sudartha, the brave and beautiful. It was on this day, also, twenty years after, that this prince frustrated his father's ambitious plans for his enthronement, by escaping at midnight from the palace, taking refuge in a monastery, and becoming a priest. Then again, on this same day, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, he became suddenly enlightened, saw in a moment the myriads of transmigrations his soul had undergone from the lowest animal upward to man, the only way of obtaining deliverance from them, and so became the Buddha; and, finally, his death, or rather his entrance into Nirvana, also took place on this day, in the eighty-first year of his age. The Siamese Christmas, unlike ours, is always a warm, bright day, resplendent with sunshine and fragrance of fruit and flower; hundreds of thousands of beautiful birds and insects fill the air with melody and song.

At dawn, the great floating city of Bangkok is aroused from its slumbers by the ringing of multitudinous pagoda bells, which mingle with the music of the birds, the chirp of insects, and the deep hum of the not far distant forest life.

As the sun rises above the horizon, crowds of gayly dressed men, women and children, little infants just beginning to walk, sparkling with ornaments and bright-colored silk scarfs, issue from their homes, and wend their way by land and by water to the temples. There is no prettier or more interesting sight than to see a Buddhist nation out on a gala day—tottering old men leading infants by the hand, old women, and blooming youths, and young maidens, all bearing offerings of flowers, of fruit, of odoriferous tapers and perfumed candles for the altars; with dainty china teapots, fans, yellow robes, umbrellas, bees-wax, oil, honey, and betel-nuts, for the priests.

The monasteries gather in a rich harvest of donations on this day, and the temples far and near are so crowded, that even the temporary *salas*, or halls, erected in their vicinity, overflow, and thousands of people are obliged to worship in the open air.

The women worship apart from the men, and on every



SUMMER FANCIES.



A TRUSTY FRIEND.

other holiday but Buddha's birthday they very greatly outnumber them; on this day, however, not a soul absents himself from the temples: the sick, the poor, the blind, the lame, the indigent, all are carried, or brought hither in hammocks, sedans, and stretchers by their nearest relatives and friends, so that they should not lose the opportunity to make merit for their future stages of existence. It is also a fine opportunity for the young to give vent to their pent-up feelings, because on this day the rich and the poor meet and worship together on a common plane, distinctions are laid aside, and even, in some respects, the order of things is reversed, for the rich are seen everywhere to give place to the poor and indigent. I have seen aged beggar women clothed in rags tottering toward the temples on this day, freighted with no other gift than perhaps a single oleander, or wild jessamine flower, to lay at the altar of Buddha. The entrance of the officiating priest is always accompanied by a burst of music, at the sound of which the crowds within and without bow their heads and join in the worship of the Buddha. After which, hymns are chanted and sermons delivered by the priests in "Pali," which is understood only by the more learned members of the congregation. When they have finished these services, they withdraw from the temples, followed by their disciples, carrying to the monasteries the bountiful donations of the crowds of worshippers. The king and royal household attend service in the private chapel in the inner city, where they listen to the same liturgy and sermon, and make large and handsome donations to the officiating priests. The afternoon is devoted to almsgiving and to theatrical entertainments provided by the rich for the poor. The most memorable of the Christmas Days which I spent in Bangkok, was the one which fell on the 7th of May, 1864, and which was celebrated in the inner or woman's city attached to the king's palace. This city is appropriately called "Muang Nang Harm," City of Veiled Women, through which I was conducted by a number of gayly dressed slave women to the residence of one of my pupils, the Chom Koon Talap. I was the first that morning to pass between the two monster stone lions that guarded the entrance to her house. After a kindly greeting, I took my place at the extreme end of the grand hall. The lady Talap, a remarkably pretty little woman, dressed in pure white silk, stood beside a marble fountain, with her two sons on either side of her. All round the fountain were huge China vases, with every variety of plants covered with buds and flowers, and between these were immense silver jars for water, each containing a small silver bucket. Thirty or more young slave women were engaged in filling them with fresh, cool water.

The grand hall was freshly furnished with matting, and with seats for a hundred guests. In the garden opposite the

hall was erected for the occasion a circular thatched roof, supported on one great mast, like a single-poled tent. This was the theatre, in one part of which was an elevated stage for the marionettes; and the whole was hung with rich damask curtains, and very prettily ornamented, showing, as did everything around, a desire to entertain and to please.

Some fifty women porters came from an inner court bearing on their heads massive silver dishes of sweetmeats and choice viands, and placed them along the seats in the grand hall. Then came some maidens dressed in pure white, and arranged fresh flowers in gold vases beside each of the seats designed for the expected guests. When this was done, they took their places behind their mistress.

"Here is a banquet prepared for a company of royal personages," thought I. It was just eight o'clock, but this entire woman's city had been up for hours engaged in the important work of rightly celebrating the great day. The gate was thrown wide open, and, into this fairy-like scene, amid flowers, and fragrance, and sunshine, and the dew still trembling on the leaves, were ushered in the guests, one by one, a hundred old, decrepit, and unsightly looking beggar women, covered with dirt, and rags, and the vilest uncleanness. And the gentle hostess, blushing with a delicacy and beauty of her own, advances, and greets her strange guests with all the more respect and tenderness because of their utter friendliness, poverty and rags—leads them kindly, and seats them on low stools around her sparkling fountain, removes their disgusting apparel, and proceeds, with the aid of her maidens, to wash them all clean with fragrant soap and great draughts of pure water, drawn by means of the silver buckets out of the deep-mouthed silver jars. Oh! what a transformation! When the matted hair was washed and combed and parted, and dressed with fresh flowers, and the rags were replaced by robes of purest white, she then led them toward the hall, and seated them on the silk cushions before the silver trays, and bowed before them, and served to them the delicacies prepared for them, as if they each one and all deserved from her some special token of her love and veneration. After breakfast the music struck up, and the actors and puppets appeared on the stage—the actors being women in men's attire. The acting was occasionally interspersed with the plaintive notes of female voices, the priestesses of this beautiful scene, who seemed sometimes deeply moved—collecting within themselves all the subtle charms of love and pity to pour them forth with the inspiration of music at the feet of their lowly listeners.

And at length, as the curtain of the last act dropped, and the prolonged cadence of the voices and the many instruments died away, a loud buzz of delight and pleasure broke from the crowd of old decrepit women, who received each a



AUTUMN FRUITS.



A POLITE BEGGAR.

sum of money from their kind hostess, and were sent on their lowly way rejoicing. "This," said my pupil to me, "I do every year, to prove my love and my obedience to my dear teacher, the Buddha."

—A. H. Leonovens.

THE EMERALD GOD.

ONE of the priceless jewels belonging to the government of Siam, as priceless as the Koh-i-noor presented to Queen Victoria by her Indian army, or the immense ruby which adorns the English crown, a present from the Czar Nicholas, is the so-called "Emerald God," which crowns the high altar of a great temple in Siam. This altar stands some eighty feet high, and is covered with vessels of solid gold and human figures set with jewels. An English officer once estimated the gold alone on this altar to be worth one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. When the king heard of this estimate, he replied that he would not part with it for five hundred millions of dollars in addition. The "Emerald God" is an immense emerald, which has been cut to resemble the head and shoulders of a human being. The expression of the figure is pensive and downcast, like most of the idols in Siam. This great emerald rests upon a body made of gold. The history of the jewel is somewhat obscure. There is a tradition that it dropped from heaven, but skeptics assert that it was taken from the great temple in Cambodia, the present ruins of which excite so much wonder in all who behold them,

when that country was conquered by Siam. Through the aid of the wonderful art of photography and the clever invention known as the stereoscope, we took a run through this great temple a short while ago, a series of photographs illustrating it having been brought to America by one who has made a visit to the ruin.

The surprising extent and magnificence of this ruin is beyond all comprehension to those who have not seen it. The date of its building is supposed to be as ancient as that of the Pyramids, and it is wholly made of the most indestructible ironstone, no quarry of which can be found at the present day within six hundred miles. The temple is nearly perfect in outline, and its general appearance resembles the Hotel de Ville in Paris. A great central tower has what resembles a clock-dial, but is in reality a representation of the sun. Over four thousand stone pillars support the roof, which is of solid stone, and stupendous in its architecture and altitude. The whole outside of the temple is richly carved in *bas-reliefs*. There are long colonnades of immense stone pillars facing the court of the temple, the shafts of which are eighty feet in height, of one solid piece of stone. The architecture is of a distinct order; the effect is very imposing, chaste, and beautiful. The steps leading to these piazzas are ornamented with stone dragons, stone fan-palm trees, and statues of men. Such was the home of the "Emerald God."



THE LOVE TOKEN.

CHRISTMAS IN THE FIELDS.

In his stirring picture of "Christmas in the Fields," Mr. John S. Davis shows that he has made a careful study of American farm-life in all of its picturesque details; catching in this wild, out-of-doors scene, the exact spirit of Nature. The sturdy farmer in the foreground, with the armful of fresh hay, golden and green, drawn from the interior of the stack where it was beyond the reach of the cows, or brought from the barn probably not far away, looks as if he might say, with Bayard Taylor, to the winds of December:

"Give me your chill and wild embrace,
And pour your baptism on my face;
Sound in mine ears the airy moan
That sweeps in desolate monotone,
Where on the unsheltered hill-top beat
The marches of your homeless feet!"

What has that man to fear who stands face to face with Nature when she frowns upon him, or blows her icy blasts from the north, or sifts down deep, impenetrable snows, or thunders in wrath, and flashes forth with consuming power all the fires of the universe?

The winters are so long and severe in New England, and some portions of the Middle States, it is not usual to leave the cattle out of doors, unless, it may be, for a few hours at midday. Our "Christmas in the Fields" shows a driving snow-storm, when the clouds of December are dark on the hills, and the bare-limbed trees incessantly roar. All the spirits of the storm are abroad, black, white and gray, mingling in a wild dance. How the snow flies from every wisp of hay, every twig of tree, every fence post, and whirls and waltzes along the ground in front of the cattle! The dog, crouching, trembling, shows that the blast pierces to his bones. The black and ominous crow flies moodily over the snow-clad fields, hopelessly seeking a morsel of food, having been frightened away from the stack by the presence of the farmer. How eagerly the cattle press forward to get a mouthful of the dainty morsel the happy farmer brings! The brim of his heart, with its tropical fullness of life, overflows with affection for the dumb animals in his care, and his chief delight during the long winter is to look after their comfort. As Miss Proctor sings:

"Let us throw more logs on the fire!
We have need of a cheerful light,
And close round the hearth to gather,
For the wind has risen to-night.
It has been on the lonely moorland,
Where the treacherous snow-drift lies,
Where the traveler, spent and weary,
Gasp'd fainter and fainter cries."

In pleasing and delightful contrast with the winter scene, Mr. Davis has given us a broad view of the near approach of spring, when the old apple orchard is covered with blossoms as if they were snow—when the warm sunlight dapples the hill-side, and the doves are flying in the air, cooing to each other their tales of mutual affection. Has not the poet told us:

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove?"

The anxious crisis of the spring is past, and warmth is master over the lingering cold, else the old white-haired farmer would hardly venture outside of his barn hatless. The air grows warm, and buds increase; the sky of winter has been pierced that spring may issue forth. We can almost hear the alder's catkins



THE LITTLE BROTHER.

drop, see the maple cast his crimson bloom, and the willow's downy gold blow wide. The white oak's foxy leaves appear softer than a squirrel's ear, and there is motion in the soil—a sound lighter than falling seeds shook out of flowers. As we look upon the picture of "Old Friends," (opposite page 209,) our heart kindles with sympathizing emotions, and we rejoice with man and beast.

The old man and his faithful mare look as if they might have been young together. She has done her master faithful service, in the field and on the road; she has always been a patient, steady animal, ever ready to take the family to church, to jog to the

mill, to go after the doctor or clergyman. Even the children have more than once clambered up her sides and seated themselves on her back. To-day the old man and the old horse are rejoicing together. The winter has been a long one, and both man and beast are glad to get out into the sunshine, if only to hold a little converse with each other, feel the warm air, hear the birds twitter, and wait patiently for the day when the fields shall be clothed in emerald green. It may be the white-haired patriarch has been left alone in the world, and is now glad to find companionship with those lower animals, horses and dogs, which are faithful to one as long as life lasts.

While the old horse is content to receive the caresses of her master, and the younger and more spirited animal gazes into the distance, the colt hastens to eat the golden corn which has been brought into the yard as a dainty bit for the household favorite. One of the most characteristic features of this beautiful picture is the wolfish and ungainly looking dog, engaged in the not very graceful act of scratching his ear. It is such touches of real life as this which give Mr. Davis's pictures their peculiar home-like charm, appealing at once to the hearts of all who see them. The grouping of the whole picture is natural and life-like, giving evidence of artistic genius.



THE LOTTERY TICKET.—KUNZ.

A CHRISTMAS IDYL.

Oh, the winter winds blew chilly through the long and dreary night,
But the Christmas bells rang gayly in the gray, dim morning light.
In the moonlight cold and sparkling gleamed the white and drifted snow,
But the morning sunlight blended with the hearth-fire's cheery glow.

Chime, chime; merrily chime,
Bells of the holy Christmas time;
Wake with your music the echoes that sleep
Where the gray mountains their solemn watch keep;
Ring out your gladness o'er hillside and main;
Ring till the New Year bells echo the strain;
Toll for the Old Year's record of wrong,
Wail for its losses in agonized song;
Chant a glad psalm for victories won,
And an anthem of hope for the days that will come.

Flash, ruddy fires, in your roseate light,
Weave us fair pictures of memories bright;
Golden and warm let the embers burn,
As the pages of Memory's tablets we turn.

Some of the pages are blotted with sin,
Wrong has been wrought since the Old Year came in,
Evil been done since the last Christmas-time,
Hands then unspotted are crimsoned with crime,
Hearts have grown colder to truth and to love—
Bartered for trifles their birthright above.

Tear-sprinkled pages, that whisper of loss—
Of wearing the thorn-crown, and bearing the cross—
Pages o'er which bitter tears have been wept;
Pages on which the glad sunshine has slept—
Pages so precious, the wealth of the seas
Never would tempt us to parting with these.

Deck the walls with green and holly!
Heap still more the Christmas fires!
Build your castles in the embers,
Glowing turrets, flaming spires!

Bring the gifts of love and friendship,
True heart-tokens let them be,
One and all, with joyous faces,
Gather round our Christmas tree.

'Tis the birthday of the Christ-child,
For his sake we keep our feast,
They that seek shall surely find him,
Lo! his star is in the East!—*Alice M. Guernsey.*

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

How impossible it is to explain the fascination, the irresistible charm of that piece of paper covered with big figures! If that particular number should be the lucky one! "If" is a strange word. A sad one when we look backward over lost opportunities; but full of hope as we cast a glance forward into the unrevealed future and behold its possibilities. And nothing presents such direct possibility of large returns for small investments as the lottery. To be sure, the chance for a big prize is only one in thirty thousand, more or less, as the case may be; but still there is a chance, and the ways of the ticket-seller are so seductive that the poor wretch of a purchaser is actually made to believe that his must be the lucky number. It is the same number which won in the last great drawing, and therefore must be a special favorite of Dame Fortune; or else it did not draw the last time, and consequently will succeed now, as, according to popular belief, everything has its turn, sooner or later. And so, with such fair words the ticket man works upon the imagination of the victim, and the bargain is finished.

In some countries the lottery is carried to such excess as to be really a national misfortune. In Havana, for example, where it is carried on by the government itself, it produces a vast amount of suffering

among the poorer classes, whose ignorance leads them to superstition and credulity. Every one who has visited this Cuban city is familiar with the lottery-ticket vender. He meets you at every turn. He is on the wharf to welcome you; he follows you through the streets; at the theatre; the railway station; at the very door of your house, there he is lying in wait for you, his harsh nasal cry sounding demoniac promises in your ears. If you are rich, you will thrust your hand in your pocket and buy, to get free from his persistent attention, possibly to be made richer for your pains, but probably to regret the foolish waste of your money. But it is to the ears of the poor and wretched that this constantly repeated cry of Dame Fortune is sweet and alluring. Many and many a poor family deprive themselves for weeks of the very necessities of life, in order that they may save money to buy at least a piece of a chance for riches. When the coveted piece of paper is in their possession, they wait with breathless anxiety for the decisive moment. Much time is wasted in prayers to some wretched plaster image or hideous colored engraving of a favorite saint, and endless castles in the air erected, to fall with dreadful crash when the lists are announced and that particular number is left out. But even defeat does not discourage these eager seekers after unearned fortune. They go on starving themselves to get money. They throw the saint who did not help them out of the window and buy a new one, and so keep up an endless round of hope and disappointment, only in rare instances winning a few dollars, which, instead of satisfying, have the effect to drive them to more rash investments.

In Germany, too, the lottery has a powerful influence upon the common people. A capital illustration of this passion is given us from the pencil of a German artist, a true character painting, in which



TRAINING YOUNG TERRIERS.—SIMMLER.

each individual figure tells its own story. Look at the Jew Moses. In every line of his loose-fitting coat, in the backward cant of his stove-pipe hat, and in the position of his long, lean fingers, you are made to feel the sly persuasion of his words. You can almost hear his drawling, nasal voice: "Na! Brunswick sausage is good; why not the Brunswick lottery? You buys one; why not the other? When you have eaten your sausage, what have you left? Nothing. But with your lottery ticket you may come to be rich man." Aglow of anticipation spreads over the baker's fat face at the music of those two last words. "Yes, my dear friend," says the sly Moses; "you have the face already of a rich man. You will win. I know it. You must win." So skill-

fully does the Jew handle this honest baker, kneading him into the desired mental condition as easily as the baker himself kneads his bread and biscuit for the oven, that the resolution to buy the ticket is already more than half baked, when the door opens and in steps the good housewife, sole mistress of the house, and of her husband as well. In an instant the whole situation is changed. Moses is equal to the occasion. The good baker counts for nothing now; he is literally brushed out of sight by the wave of a broomstick; and Moses' words, although still addressed to him, are intended for the ears of another and more powerful party. "Your good lady, sir? Ah, indeed! What a magnificent woman! I congratulate you. Now I truly realize that you are born

for good fortune. Having drawn such a grand prize in the matrimonial lottery, you will be sure to repeat your luck in this case."

At the words "grand prize," the poor baker trembled from head to foot, and nearly dropped the lottery ticket in terror lest it should in reality bring him a repetition of his matrimonial "luck." But it is no use; between his wife and the crafty Moses the poor man is entirely powerless, and as the ticket in question chances to agree in number with the year in which the "good lady" was born, it must surely bring luck, most of all to the baker. So reasons the Jew, and the mistress of the family smiles assent. The ticket is bought, and the good baker is left, let us hope, to a peaceful enjoyment of his pipe.

How faithfully all the minutæ of the interior of this German baker's shop are given by the artist. The long brown loaves of *schwarzbrot* look so tempting that we would take the knife from the table if we could and cut off a goodly slice. The baker's hat and cloak and substantial walking-stick are all ready when he has a mind to trudge down the street for his glass of beer. But Miss Puss is in danger. Her ears will very likely tingle when her mistress discovers the master's cloak turned into a bed.

The whole picture shows a clear appreciation of character, and is executed with that fidelity to nature which is a leading feature in the school of modern German *genre* painting.

TRAINING YOUNG TERRIERS.

WILHELM SIMMLER, of Düsseldorf, has achieved a very high reputation among German artists of the present day as a *genre* painter. His pictures, one of which we reproduce, show great facility of composition, free, but firm and correct drawing, and a remarkable strength in the expression of character. They also possess the merit of story-telling. Take, for instance, our fine engraving from his picture, "Training Young Terriers." A glance enables one to take in the whole story. There has been a successful day's sport, and the two gentlemen have come to the forester's lodge for lunch and rest. The forester, partly to make sport for his guests, and partly to quicken the hunting instincts of the young terriers, has brought in the dead fox and holds it down to the silly little things that hardly know what to make of the creature. One can almost hear them yelp and bark as they spring clumsily about the floor. The old terrier under the chair is too knowing to be cheated by the sight of a dead fox, and he surveys the scene with a sagacious and serene air, as if he would say, "You may fool puppies, but not an experienced dog like me." How pretty and graceful is the attitude of the forester's little daughter, as she leans against the arm of the younger gentleman and caresses the old fox-hound that looks up into her face! And how admirably are all the accessories of the lodge drawn and grouped—the furniture, the trophies of the chase, the game and game bags, and the pictures. There is the whole story, and we need not add another word.

WINTER SCENES.

THE commonest objects become transfigured under the beautifying hand of snow. The carrot, which grows wild along roadsides—and which is becoming a pest in some portions of the country—as it seeds in summer, forms a hollowed umbel which closely resembles a bird's nest. This, when filled with snow or ice, suggests any number of comparisons. It is, perhaps, most like a cup of silver containing syllabub, or some other frothy confection which overtops the receptacle.

The thistle, which long ago despatched its feathered messengers on errands which we do not understand, has now another crop of snowy plumes. The long wands of the golden-rods bend under their coating of ice; delicate grasses, clothed in crystal, look as if spun of glass, and the ferns present a diamond lace-work of exquisite pattern. The berries of the black

alder, so beautiful at any time, are now simply gorgeous; but, alas! we cannot preserve their glory. A little sunshine melts the jewels and leaves the branches wet and bare.

The transformations effected by the snow are numberless, and much might be written about them. The following lovely fancy is from the pen of the sweet poet, Maurice de Guérin:

"It has snowed all night. I have been to look at our primroses; each of them had its small load of snow, and was bowing its head under its burden. These pretty flowers, with their rich yellow color, had a charming effect under their white hoods. I saw whole tufts of them roofed over by a single block of snow; all these laughing flowers, thus shrouded and leaning one upon the other, made me think of a group of young girls surprised by a wave and sheltering under a white cloth."

Sometimes a broad field of snow will be thrown

tures. We prefer rather to gaze along the open roadway that leads toward the setting sun. There is something that beckons us on, and tells of endless peace. If the wind is not too cold, there is no great discomfort in a winter walk. We often sally forth in a snow-storm, and plunge at once into the unbroken fields. We make but slow progress, but any advance is better than immobility. It is rather discouraging to see the tops of weeds and grasses through the snow. Some of them look like submerged three-deckers, and recall the dangers of those who "go down to the sea in ships." We wonder what has become of the crew and passengers! When we are in town, we do not notice that there is any sound accompanying the descent of the flakes, but here in the forest we perceive a very decided tinkle, as of many little bells. Each crystal sings its faint good-by as it falls into its allotted place.

The feathers are falling thick and fast about us,

filling our hair and beard, and giving us a royal cape of ermine. The needles of the pine are wedged full of them; the stone walls are softened down and rounded till they look as if made of cotton—ramparts like the famous one in the battle of New Orleans. With a cane we draw strange figures in the snow, and see them erased as if written on the sands of the sea-shore. Old Boreas does not long suffer our impudent autograph to remain upon his white board in mockery; he swiftly and surely sponges it out.

It is strange to come, in the midst of the snow, to a little spring, green with the mantle of the water-starwort. It looks as fresh and bright as in April, when its tiny flowers first begin to show. From the spring can be traced the dark flowing stream, as it meanders toward the swamp. The latter is now a great pond, frozen solid. The gray birches and beeches arise on every side, crooning in the wind, and occasionally throwing down upon us a small bouquet of snow. The lichens on the park are quite in keeping with the season, and are marvelously handsome. A brook wanders through the grove, to the very brink of which has crept the downy snow. The water is not frozen, but murmurs even now a sweet story of summer woods, of the ladies'-slippers and *trilliums*. We stop and listen! There is not a sound but the music of the rivulet and the patter



BARNYARD PETITIONERS.—PLETSCH.

into great waves, the crests of which seem to have been solidified at the moment of breaking. Again, the same ocean will be merely rippled as if by a passing wind. At times we trace the ranges of mysterious mountains, discerning their valleys, their glaciers, and the spires of their great cathedrals. It is easy, in imagination, to wander into the fairy lands we have discovered, and to make acquaintance with the delicate spirit of the realm. We should know Hawthorne's little Snow Maiden, we are sure, for we have seen her somewhere. She is a reality, and we hope to view her some day sporting with the little ones.

Winter in the woods brings with it a sense of seclusion that nothing else affords. Perhaps we should rather say of solitude. Often our own track is the only one in sight—the one clew to the world we have left behind us. Mysterious imprints there are about us, made by the tiny feet of birds or the soft paws of the rabbit and squirrel. These pathways lead into the wilderness, and we feel that if we followed them we might meet with strange adven-

of the flakes upon the leaves. Are we alone in the world? Has Time gone on and left us?

People go into frenzies of rapture over the stalactites in certain famous caves; but these do not compare in beauty with the crystal columns and pendants formed by ice. An earthly architect is put to shame by the design of Mr. Frost. Columns, arches, oriel windows, solid buttresses, and slender pinnacles are thrown together in apparent confusion; yet in the random pile we often trace design, and if we are in perfect accord with the builder, may detect his purposes and grasp his grand conception. Minarets pierce the sky like those of some cathedral, and festoons of brilliants hang from every point. The windows are stained with the varied colors of the rainbow, and there are cool apartments, lighted with the hue of *lapis lazuli*, while others glisten with frosted silver. Lamps of exquisite pattern glow in the long arcades, through which we would like to wander with the snow sprites who must dwell there, if only the genius who reared these glories would approach us as a guide. —W. Whitman Bailey.



HAIDEE.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

SUPPOSED by some to be of Scandinavian origin, the fairy tale of Little Red Riding Hood is now in-



corporated into the literature of all civilized peoples, and is read as enthusiastically by the children around German and French firesides as it is in England and America. Little Red Riding Hood, who smiles at us so charmingly from the picture, was a forest maiden, who lived in a cottage that stood by the side of a wood. Her father used to cut down trees in the great forest, and her mother sold poultry, milk, eggs, cream and butter. She had cheeks like an apple, and wore a cloak as red as a poppy. This cloak possessed a hood which she could draw over her face quite closely, in case the sun was too warm, or the rain fell in showers; and that is why everybody called the pretty child Little Red Riding Hood.

By the side of Red Riding Hood's cottage, there was a garden surrounded with trees where the flowers were the sweetest that ever were smelt. Beyond the garden was a small patch for wheat, and still farther on was the wood. Early one morning, Little Red Riding Hood's mother went down to the kitchen to make a cake. When the cake was nice and brown, the young lady came down in her little white apron and blue gown. She had a bowl of bread and milk for her breakfast, and when she had finished, her mother said: "Now, just slip on your cloak, dear, as quick as you can, for I want you to carry some things to your grandmother." The cake was on the table, and beside it stood a pot of fresh honey. Her mother put them into a little basket, pushed down the cover, and went outside of the door with her daughter. "My child," she said, "I want you to go through the forest of beeches, and larches, and pines, down by the pool of water, and over the fields, to your grandmother's. Tell her you have brought a cake, and a pot of honey, and do not stop to chatter with folks, or pick flowers on the way." Little Red Riding Hood promised to go as quick as ever

she could, and not stop for anything. She went away, singing;

"At first blush of morning, I love so to view
The sweet-scented roses, all mantled in dew;
A thrill of delight
I feel at the sight
Of roses and lilies all mantled in dew."

The fields were all gold with buttercups, the hedges were white with blossoms, the woodbine's trumpets grew bright everywhere, the foxglove lifted its spires, the purple bells rang pretty tunes, and the modest pimpernel grew in shady nooks.

She entered a lovely greenwood glade, dappled with light and shade, through which the path ran to her grandmother's cottage. She loitered along, stopping to hear the thrush sing his song, or list in the croft to the

blackbird's whistle; or follow the feathery down of the thistle. The flowers were so beautiful, and the butterflies so bright, we do not wonder Little Red Riding Hood put down her basket and commenced to pick the flowers. While she was thus engaged, a grim gray wolf came bounding along through the woods. He saw the little girl of the scarlet hood, and smelt the cake and pot of honey in her basket. He went up to her just as she had picked a lovely blossom.

"If I might be a flower, I'd grace that bosom," said the wolf.

"Oh, what a sweet-spoken beast it is," said Red Riding Hood.

"Grant me one little kiss before you go," exclaimed the wolf.



Then Red Riding Hood was afraid, just a little, and refused to kiss the wolf, whereupon he asked if she had far to go. "No; in yonder valley, where moss-roses grow, dwells my old grandmother; I'm going there," she answered.

All this while she is not much afraid of the wolf, because close by she can hear her father chopping down trees in the woods, and she knows he would fly to her rescue if the wolf should harm her. So she picked up her basket, and commenced to walk along the path, which ran through the woods to her grandmother's cottage. The wolf walked along by her side for a short distance, talking to her, and asking all sorts of queer and wolfish questions.

"What a nice cloak of scarlet! How pretty you are!" he said. "Let me carry your basket. Let me see you safe to your grandmother's. What is your name, my little dear?"

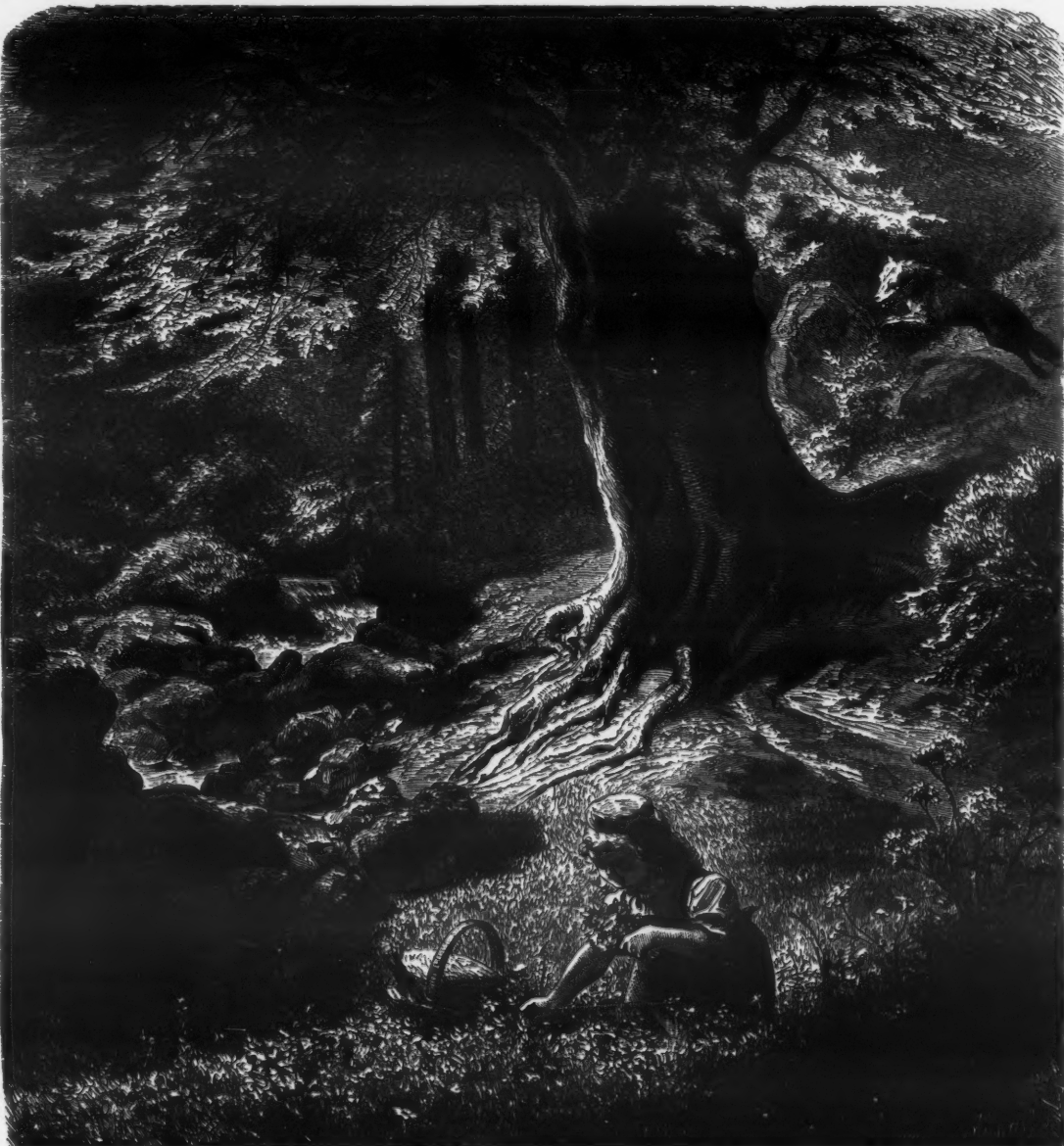
Alas! for Little Red Riding Hood. How naughty it was that she should let the old wolf flatter her, and allow him to walk by her side and talk, when her mother had told her not to chatter by the way. She told the wolf her name, and pointed out where her grandmother lived in the small brown cottage that stood by a pond.

"She's so old that she can't get out of bed," said Red Riding Hood.

"Poor dear," said the wolf. "But how does she manage to let you in?"

"When I reach the cottage I knock at the door until she calls out 'Who's there?' Then I answer, 'Your grandchild, who brings you a cake and pot of honey,' and she is sure to reply, 'If you pull at the bobbin the latch will fly up.' That's how I get in."

"Oh!" said the wolf, in a hurry, "this lane is my way, so I'll wish you good day."





The wolf hurried off through the wood, round by the pond, to the cottage beyond, until he reached the door. He rapped at the door so loudly that the old lady woke up with a start. "Oh, dear me, it cannot be Red Riding Hood," she said, "so I'll pretend to be sleeping." The wolf rapped again, so hard that his knuckles were sore. "Who's there?" cried the dame. Said the wolf from the outside, "It's no one but Little Red Riding Hood, grandmother! I've brought you a cake and a pot of honey."

"If you pull at the bobbin the latch will fly up," replied the delighted old lady.

The wolf opened the door, and no sooner had he got inside the cottage, than he ate up the frightened old lady, and jumped into her bed. He put on granny's big night-cap and tied it under his chin, and he cuddled the clothes close up to his nose, and said: "Here goes for the little one!"

After the wolf left her, Little Red Riding Hood put down her honey and the cake, that she might chase a butterfly. A mouse stole the cake while she was gone, and when she came back she grew frightened. "Alack!" she cried, "what a loss! Won't grandmother be cross to breakfast off nothing, with honey for sauce?" Just then a glittering dragon-fly darted by, and off ran Red Riding Hood, by ditches and hedges, by marshes and sedges, by ponds full of reeds and all sorts of weeds, until she entirely forgot the pot of honey. When she returned it was empty! The ants had discovered it in a sunny spot, and cleared away all its contents. "Shan't I get a scolding for stopping to play!" says Red Riding Hood, starting to go on through the forest's leafy green arches. At last she is approaching her grand-

mother's cottage. What excuse can she make for the honey and cake? She creeps through the garden, but in spite of her trying is very near crying. Her knock is so faint at the door, that the wolf is scarcely aware that any one is knocking, but he cries out, "Who's there?"

"Red Riding Hood, who has come to see you," answers the little girl, sobbing.

"Pull at the bobbin," said the wolf, "and the latch will fly up." She opened the door, and tottered in. "Where is the cake your mother promised to bake? and where is my honey?"

"Please, grandmother, ma is not able to bake to-day, and as for the honey, what makes you expect any?"

"I'm feeling so hungry and faint, I'm quite chilly," replied the wolf. "You must get into the bed to warm me." She takes off her clothes, and into bed goes. The old wolf keeps the counterpane up to his nose. Poor Little Red Riding Hood sees that her grandmother is looking remarkably queer:

"Oh, granny, I view your long ears with surprise!"
 "They're to hear all you say to the letter."
 "Oh, granny, how fiery and big are your eyes!"
 "They're to see you all the better."



"Oh! granny, your teeth are tremendous in size!"
 "They're to eat you!" And he ate her.

Having read the entertaining and thrilling romance of Little Red Riding Hood, who met with such a tragic fate, we shall turn with pleasure to the other illustrations which enliven this page. The little Skye terrier has been trained to be a postman, and is returning from the village as fast as his legs can carry him, with a letter in his mouth for his mistress. The child and the frying-pan illustrate one of those very early experiences and mishaps, when a pair of sooty and blackened hands, are a source of infantile wonderment and incomprehensibility. The white porcelain stove, common in Germany and Switzerland, by which the child is standing, shows the little tell-tale finger-marks on its edge! Another exploit of childhood days is the attempt to put the great toe into the mouth—a feat easy of accomplishment when bones and tendons are soft and supple. Here, also, we see a friendly drake holding a conversation with a motherly duck, which is disinclined to leave her brood of little ones, when all the home-surroundings are so duck-like.



OUR HOUSEHOLD PETS.

AFTER birds, among dumb animals, cats and dogs take the lead as household pets throughout the world—among the wild tribes of Indians, as well as in the palaces of the aristocracy of Europe. Exactly why cats or dogs are called dumb animals, it is difficult to see, for the humblest of us are aware that they frequently make night hideous with their mewings and howlings. London has the reputation of being infested with all kinds of noisy animal nuisances; so much so, that the *Athenæum* recently said, a Londoner has no right to rest if he cannot sleep when surrounded by barking, shrieking, howling, and crowing brutes. Why shouldn't a man's dog howl all night, if the moon shines bright, and the air is crisp and clear? The Hon. Caleb Cushing recently tested the question in Washington as to the right of a neighbor's dog to howl, and succeeded in having the poor dog quieted. If dogs are sometimes such a nuisance, what can be said in favor of those cats which love to ramble upon the roof of a house, indulging in serenades pitched upon a key far above the "high C?" Our illustration gives us a glimpse of feline felicity—two old cats having had a falling out over a third cat, which sits complacently upon a distant roof, like a queen upon a dais, watching the knights as they tilt in a joust. Which knight will win, it is impossible, from present appearances, to foretell. Both have their backs up, and their ears thrown back; both are glaring at each other and displaying some very sharp teeth. One cat is very near the edge of the roof, and the next tilt may send him to the street below, to share the fate of the poor pussy which finds herself in the jaws of a great dog, not over-partial to cats, the handsome English retriever, a fine cut of which we





FELINE FELICITY.

give upon this page. The English retriever, so named from the fact that it restores to the sportsman the game which has been shot, in the state in which it is found, is bred from the Newfoundland dog, which it resembles. The English gentleman who goes out to shoot birds will take a retriever with him to find the game after it has been killed. Especially useful is this dog in lake regions, or where the game is liable to fall into the water, since it can swim like a fish. The habits of the animal are quite domestic, and when not on hunting expeditions it is employed to guard the house or the orchard from intruders. At

night it sleeps upon a mat just inside the hall door, that it may be the first to give a warm reception to thieves. On an English country road it is not uncommon to meet one of these dogs running in front of children who are out riding either in a carriage or on the backs of ponies. The dog clears the way for the children, giving warning to an approaching team that the young folks are not far behind.

The last illustration on this page shows us a couple of mongrel curs, which have been chained together to keep them out of mischief. In attempting to give chase to a cat, they have suddenly come in contact with a post, which prevents them from attacking poor pussy as they could wish. Dogs, like other animals, must pull together if they would succeed. The barking of the curs has frightened the fowls, which are flying in all directions.

In some countries, as Austria, for example, large dogs are made to work; and it is not uncommon to see them harnessed to hand-carts in the streets of American cities. Small dogs are very great pets among the ladies of Austria, who often show more anxiety in relation to them than some mothers do for their children. The American when traveling in Austria will see almost every lady with a small dog in her arms; and if she is followed by a footman and maid, whose principal business it is to look after the dog, supplying it with food and water *en route*, no wonder need be expressed. Austrian doctors are sometimes called up in the night to attend to a poodle which has been overfed. In the cities of Austria it is common to see dogs led tenderly along with ribbons, or to see a gold chain attached to a lady's belt, the other end of which clasps the neck of a poodle,

walking by her side, or reposing in her arms. A lady walking in the public grounds of Vienna without a dog, is almost sure to be accosted by some seedy-looking individual, who will draw puppies from his pockets and offer them for sale. He keeps the dogs in his pockets to hide them from the police, since it is against the law to sell them in the public parks. In New York City, the "dogman," as he is called, offers his possessions for sale on Broadway, and other streets, where the ladies pass up and down as they go out shopping. The puppies are kept in baskets, and their fur is combed until it is sleek and glossy.



A CATASTROPHE.



A NARROW ESCAPE.